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Two Poems

Junior Dare

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TWO POEMS

Junior Dare

WE STAYED UP HALF THE NIGHT TOGETHER IN FANTASTIC
CONVERSATION EXCHANGING THE MUNDANE IN ALL ITS EMPOWERING
GLORY I JUST WANT THE SAFETY OF A SLUMBER PARTY I WANT TO BE A
SEMIPROFESSIONAL RECREATIONAL SPOONER A SPOONER OF BODIES
A SPOONER OF POST-PLATONIC FORMS
DESTROY HOMOPHOBIA WITH DIALOGUE ITS MORE THAN JUST THE LAW
OH SHIT DXDE IS THIS AN AUBADE?

“Worship this world of watercolor mood
in glass pagodas hung with veils of green
where diamonds jangle hymns within the blood
and sap ascends the steeple of the vein.

Again we are deluded and infer
that somehow we are younger than we were.”

*-Sylvia Plath, who rode to initial success on a Holyoke Glascock who
wrote movingly of her anxious response to drunk youth in turtlenecks*

&& by the constant stream of notifications you shall know
i am awake

searching for the appropriate scale to
grieve mass extinction, shrug
feels like it deserves more than just
a moment of silence or a
period in the comments section

existential gloom in a minor-key then chopped and screwed or
trapped out with airhorns or split with a vocal sample
that heralds the coming drop in life expectancy

the coming rise in sea
levels
the coming spike in
temperature

the coming unstoppable
storms
we will need the rituals
they ceased
teaching us how to say, do
you hear how

the symbols beg for pronunciation i see the ~squiggle~
to myself say swish

~

i am in debt from buying a single sweater

i am around my friends this evening but feel more alone than ever

i am crying in an SUV outside a record store

i am critiquing the aesthetic taste of straight women

i am teaching boys to request sexpeople hold their left thumbs

i am in awe of the couplet

i am half-hard in some grey sweatpants talking about dick pics in the abstract

i am hiking with my lover in the future wilderness, holding medicinal sylphs in our
throat

i am unashamed of everything except the manifest calling for another incantatory
departure

and also my body-pillow
which i will hold again tonight

~ ~

depart your room at 5am left thumbing
thru poetry books for company which

is actually totally fine i spend many days
 these days expecting to feel
 emotions that i don't end up feeling
 i was raised roaming without the narratives i needed
 and on stories that turned out not to be myths
 but actually straight up lies. as a child
 i thought i could save the dolphins with cans
 of tuna and letters to my search engine
 lol no o b n o w i w a n t y o u
 to do what feels right and consider
 skanking to my poetry or
 shouting it long past the gloaming

[purgatory the twaddle smell of advancing
 another day as is required but letting your
 genitals brine in putrid boxers you will be
 alone again anyways none of the possible
 offers stir or even suffice]

~
 ~
 ~

you
 know
 where i
 live
 you
 know
 what i
 taste
 like we
 catch
 we pitch
 a
 screenplay:
 two
 men
 wake up

a
recordshatter
summer
day
naked
and
sweating
heavily
bc the
weather
smell
each
other
smell
bad
shower
in angry
love

we teach this to the children so they know it is possible we teach them that the
armpit is an erogenous zone we teach them your loves will leak fluids and gases
we teach them intimacy is sickness and ugly treasure collected rocks from the
collective backyard's ever-dry streambed we teach them the fairy tale of boy
meets girl and dad buys wedding is kiddie stuff that gives way to charming
trajectories of dank cunt and ass swoon for the hoodoo psalms practice ancient
insomnias a little death and

a shared Hulu account at dawn



IT ISN'T EASY FOR ME TO LET IT GO
 BECAUSE I SWALLOW EVERY SINGLE WORD, EVERY WHISPER
 AND EVERY SIGH EATS AWAY AT THIS HEART OF MINE DOT DOT DOT
 AND ITS HARD TO LEARN AND ITS HARD TO LOVE WHEN YOU ARE GIVING
 ME SUCH SWEET NOTHING, WOAHH OH U

I stay straight and beat my cage
 during heart burn its phallic it's a dick move its an organ throbbing in pain
 insomnia is a bitch a civilized yawping symptom of domestication

How many times have I sat up and listened to Sweet Nothing by Calvin Harris
 featuring Florence Welch as a cure for another sleepless dawn

What if this wasn't a rhetorical question

It is more than twelve

It is just as fertile ground for a poetics of lived dignity as any other canon-cool
immoderate assuaging insobriety

P O E T R Y's next enfant terrible whimpering my Things
over an Internet of Shit

 baby monitor // fuck it, podcast my taint
 more muffintop than edgy

Life hack:

We are being skull-fucked by data

Being skull-fucked by someone you love is a wonderful feeling
a complex surrender of control of air of language to the wet music
of whatever is like but isn't noise

Being skull-fucked is literally the goal of L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E poets

Kenny Goldsmith should be skull-fucked

I mean that unadulterated: what is more creative while being uncreative and using
the tools of reproduction to produce and force consumption without reproduction
what is more conceptual what is more fantasy than praxis what is more messy in
practice what do we choke on more what is more disgusting to encounter without
receiving an apology afterward what is more disembodiment than the cock or dildo
of another forcing open your jaw not in a scream or a gasp or a chomp or a *fuck*
pigs or to say anything about annihilation but just to take in another

poem that begins or ends with genitals

Skull fucking someone you love is something we do not talk about with children
even teens and something we don't encourage them to think about
that we ourselves, perhaps, do not take time to consider — even the most radical
of parents would not let me sit down their progeny and ask:

what sorts of violence would you give someone else?

how would you handle how sometimes it feels good and how almost always
it feels not bad?

take notes:

i'm only alive in the intersubjective

take notes:

it doesn't matter how I was born
i'm learning to love through mimicry

take notes:

it me, spitroasted
between The Concept and The Hybrid

mommy, what do
these tears mean?

purity is the most disgusting thing i ever been taught
to conceive

Junior Dare is a crip, abolitionist poet dreaming of the post-queer, studying the left of the future and the right of the present, tweeting [@prismxp](#). Previous poems can be sought out in Tagvverk, DPS: an online journal of deaf and disabled literature & art, and elsewhere. Weaponize yr curiosity, or at least hold it tight.